

# Married At First Sight Chapter 4035

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Tatum placed two plates of breakfast on the dining table, then walked over to Elora, who was still absorbed in the newspaper. “Miss, breakfast is ready,” he said politely.

“I’m coming, I’m coming,” came Alonzo’s voice from the stairs.

Elora glanced up just in time to see him sprinting down the stairs, dragging his small schoolbag behind him.

“Alonzo!” she called sharply.

He froze mid-step, immediately straightened up, and slung his schoolbag onto his back. Then, with exaggerated care, he walked down the stairs one step at a time, trying not to draw any further scolding from his sister.

It was clear the two little brothers shared similar mischievous streaks.

“Good morning, Sister. Good morning, Brother Tatum,” Alonzo greeted respectfully once he reached the dining area.

Elora gave him a stern look. “If I catch you running down the stairs like that again, I’ll punish you. No food made by Tatum for an entire week.”

Alonzo’s eyes widened. “Sister, a week is way too long!” he protested instinctively.

Her expression didn’t soften. “And now you’re bargaining with me? That must mean you don’t want to change your ways. Fine, make it a month.”

Alonzo sighed dramatically. “Alright, alright. I’ll change, okay? I was just trying to save time, that’s all. But Sister, you’re so good at bargaining—you always win!”

Elora’s sharp glare silenced his attempt at humor. For a moment, Alonzo straightened up and looked serious. But then he stuck out his tongue playfully and darted behind Tatum for cover.

Several of their sisters doted on Tatum, and Alonzo thought that siding with him was a clever move. If he ever got into trouble, maybe Tatum would plead on his behalf.

Tatum raised an eyebrow at the scene, clearly unimpressed. “You think I have thick thighs to cling to, huh? Let me tell you something: I’m on your sister’s side. If you’re banking on me pleading for you, it’d be better to just fix those bad habits now.”

Alonzo peeked out from behind him, clearly unsure if Tatum was joking.

Elora crossed her arms. “Go eat your breakfast and don’t be late for school. I’ll let you off this time, but if you pull another stunt like that, even Tatum won’t be able to save you. He listens to me.”

Alonzo glanced up at Tatum for confirmation.

Tatum offered a sheepish smile. “Your sister’s right. I’m her private chef, after all. I follow her orders. You’re lucky you even get to eat the food I make, and that’s only because she allows it. For your own good, listen to her.”

Alonzo groaned dramatically. “Brother Tatum, you’re afraid of her too!”

Elora set the newspaper aside. “If you keep chatting here, don’t come crying to me when you’re late.”

As soon as the words left her mouth, Alonzo turned and bolted toward the dining table.

Elora shook her head. “That kid is getting naughtier by the day.”

Tatum chuckled. “Kids are like that. They love to play, but Alonzo and Angelo are both good boys. They know where the line is. Sure, they make mistakes sometimes, but so do we. No one’s perfect—not even adults.”

He genuinely admired the two young Ormond brothers. Despite being showered with love and privileges, they remained down-to-earth and well-behaved. They reminded him a lot of Rowan when he was younger.

Tatum smiled at the thought. Rowan, the youngest of the York siblings, had always been a handful. With eight accomplished older brothers above him, Rowan had been both spoiled and disciplined in equal measure. Growing up under their watchful eyes, he’d been mischievous but never crossed the line.

Tatum turned to Elora. "Miss, let's have breakfast."

"Alright," Elora said as she rose from the sofa.

She joined her two younger brothers at the dining table, where breakfast was laid out in front of them. Tatum, however, returned to the kitchen to eat his own meal.

Elora had invited him to sit at the table with them, but Tatum politely declined. "I'm just the chef, Miss. The kitchen works just fine for me," he'd said.

And with that, the siblings ate together while Tatum quietly enjoyed his breakfast in the kitchen.